WITCHES' TALES

K 47964
SEPT 1974
75¢

IT SHRIEKED LIKE A MAD HOWLING THING

HORROR WITHOUT A HEAD

IT ROSE FROM A TOMB OF MUD

SWAMP TERROR

PLUS

the DOLL WITCH

KING KONG

Item 639K.....King Kong.....$1.00
Item 639B. Beast from 20,000 fathoms 1.00
ORDER BOTH for $1.75 and save

RAQUEL WELCH PILLOW

ONLY $1.98 What man would not enjoy spending a night with Raquel Welch? Well, we can't deliver her, but we can deliver that next best thing —a 12" x 24" inflatable pillow of Raquel made of rugged vinyl to serve as your headrest. Keep her for yourself or show her to your friends. Livens up party when everyone sees and feels this great gag item.

RR15....$1.98

WORLDS UGLIEST HANDS

Slip these knobby "paws" on and watch your friends disappear. Ugh! They're awful! If you're got the courage, maybe you can have fun(?) with them.

Item No. 607...$1.98

"GENUINE" VAMPIRE BLOOD

VAMPIRE B-L-O-O-D

You never know when a Vampire will strike! Be ready with this realistic-looking "Vampire blood" and watch the girls swoon. Non-toxic of course--absolutely safe. Comes in a tube.

Item No. 622.....50¢

FOAMING SUGAR

Looks just like real sugar, but that's where the resemblance stops. When it's dropped in liquid, they overflow and form clouds of suds. Seems as though it'll never stop.

NO 548 ..... 35¢

HAND WRESTLING KIT

only $7.98

ADJUSTABLE TENSIONERS BUILD STRONG MUSCLES FAST

This Indian Hand Wrestling Kit builds strong arm and chest muscles in the privacy of your home. Eliminate bulky, expensive equipment-use it just a few minutes a day and anyone will build up his confidence as well as his muscles. Since no partner is needed, you can practice at any time. Develop both arms by simply turning the "Hand-Wrestler" around. Add additional tensioners as your muscles develop.

#EXR...$7.98

ATOMIC SMOKE BOMB

Light one and watch the column of thick white smoke rise to the ceiling and expand into a dense cloud. Sensational surprising effect.

No. 971 ..... 20¢

MAGIC CARDS

Deck is marked and stripped. Can be read from the back but looks like ordinary deck. With instructions for 10 terrific tricks.

No. 183 ..... $1.98

MONEY CHANGER

Just like a professional money changer. Attaches to any belt. Holds pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters.

No. 70 ..... $1.25

HOT PEPPER GUM

Lots of FUN passing out this Spearmint Gum with Hot Pepper added. Regulation pack. 5 sticks in color wrapped package to keep it fresh.

A121 ..... 25¢

Secret Spy Scope

PEN SIZE—CLIPS ON YOUR POCKET. 6 POWER MAGNIFIER

Six power wide field magnifier is great for watching sporting events, nature study, girl watching and counter spying. Also contains a 30 power microscope. Not a toy but a real optical instrument.

No. F59 ..... $1.50

LEARN HYPNOTIC CONTROL

Develop your hidden hypnotic power; to control the minds and bodies of men and women. Learn to perform amazing feats and entertain at parties. Easily learned from the new book "25 Lessons in Hypnotism."

No. 7212 ..... 45¢

COMPLETE SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR KIT

★ BADGE ★ CARRYING CASE ★ SPECIAL I. D. CARD

This professional type detective badge kit and case includes an extra heavy silvered nickle badge for use by private and special investigators PLUS authentic-type case and I.D. Card. Impress your friends with this official looking novelty. No.860...$2.75

MUSCLES OF STEEL

Results in just 30 days

Pocket gym slaps inches of muscle on your arms and torso. Gain the respect of your friends —the admiration of the girls. Keep fit and healthy. Fear no one! Made of heavy rubber.

No. 7001 ..... only $1.00

ONION GUM

Looks like real chewing gum but tastes like ONIONS! It's too funny! 5 slices to a pack.

No. 281 ..... 20¢

JACK POT BANK

Dime operated "One armed Bandit" works like those in Las Vegas. Deposit dime, pull handle, and reels spin like the real thing. Dimes are removable. Should not be used for gambling.

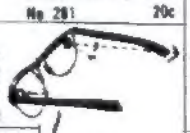
No. 2060 ..... $1.98

WHOOPEE CUSHION

Place on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream.

No. 247 ..... 50¢

SEE BEHIND GLASSES



A specially treated pair of sunglasses with secret mirrors that enable you to see behind you without anyone knowing that you're watching.

No. 8043 ..... 75¢

SECRET BOOK SAFE

With Combination Lock Only You Can Open

ONLY $1.69

Looks like any book to camouflage your valuables. Securely locked with your own private combination. Tough under-structure is covered with simulated leather binding.

No. 780 ..... $1.69

SURPRISE PACKAGE

Are you willing to take a chance? We won't tell you what you get, but because you're willing to gamble, we'll give you more than your money's worth.

No. 678 ..... Only 50¢

JOY BUZZER

Windup novelty you wear like a ring. Your victim gets a "SHOCKING" hand shake. Absolutely harmless.

No. 239 ..... Only 50¢

Scary, Life-Size

MONSTER GHOST

ONLY $1.00

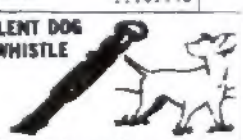
Obeys Your Commands!

OVER 7 FEET TALL

Scare the daylights out of your "victim" as this terrifying life size ghost hovers and darts over him. Can be controlled up to 50 feet away so you can hide while watching your victim. Complete instructions included.

No. MT101..... $1.00

SILENT DOG WHISTLE



This whistle can't be heard by human ears, but Rover can hear it half a mile away. Your dog will understand that this whistle is for him alone. Be amazed how quickly he responds.

No. 701 ..... $1.00

WEREWOLF HORROR MASK

This rubber mask is so grotesque that it is sure to shake up the whole neighborhood. Be the "Werewolf" that prowls again!

No. 26W....$1.98

MONEYMAKER

Insert a blank piece of paper, turn the knob . . . and . . . OUT COMES A REAL DOLLAR BILL! Insert the dollar and it changes to a $5 then the $5 changes to $10.

A135 ..... 1.29

FINGER CHOPPER

Chop a cigarette in two in either hole. Put finger in top hole and cigarette in lower. The cigarette is cut, but your finger is unharmed. Full instructions.

No. 6222 ..... $1

ONLY 3.98

Weighted Wristlets

"Power Packed" Arm Builders To Give you mighty striking power

"Power Packed" wristlets build the power arm you want without special equipment or exercises. Just wear these rugged lead weighted wristlets during your ordinary activities at work or play.

1900.....$1.98 each

THROW YOUR VOICE

Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, everywhere. Fits in your mouth out of sight. Fool teacher, friends, family. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist."

No. 137 ..... 25¢

FULL SIZE SKELETON

7 FEET TALL EYES GLOW IN THE DARK

This 7 foot tall "BONEY THE SKELETON" is scary enough at any time —but wait till you see him IN THE DARK in all his horrible, spine chilling grandeur, eyes glowing like fiery coals. If you like to haunt houses or frighten friends, this is for you! Or hang "Boney" in your room or to liven up a party.

No. F200 ..... $1.00

HONOR HOUSE PROD. CORP. DEPT 472GK28
35 WILBUR ST., LYNBROOK, N.Y. 11563

Rush me the items listed below. If I am not 100% satisfied, I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days FREE TRIAL for full refund of purchase price.

We cannot accept orders totaling less than $1.00

NAME & NUMBER OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

Please add 25c to total order for postage and handling.
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED _____

For COD orders please send 50c good will deposit. Pay postman the balance on delivery plus COD and handling charges.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ ZIP _____

New York State residents add appropriate sales tax

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CARL BURGOS, Editor IRVING FASS, Art Director
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THE HALLS OF DEERE CASTLE SHRIEKED WITH THE MAD HOWLING LAUGHTER OF A GHOST WHICH WAS CALLED THE...

HORROR WITHOUT A HEAD

SHERARD HAD COME TO GRUMLEY TO TRACE HIS ANCESTRY. BUT HE FOUND NO TRACE OF THEM THERE.
YOU'VE FOUND NO TRACE OF YOUR ANCESTORS SO YOU CAN'T MAKE A FILM ON THAT!
MY SECOND CHOICE WILL BE TO FILM THE STORY OF GRUMLEY'S HAUNTED CASTLE!
FILMING THE STORY OF THE GHOST? HA HA! YOU COULD SPEND A NIGHT THERE! SEE WHAT HAPPENS AT MIDNIGHT!
LAVINIA-- PLEASE DON'T JOKE ABOUT IT! I SAY THE PLACE HAD BEST BE LEFT ALONE!
BUT I CAN'T LEAVE IT ALONE! IT'S A NATURAL! IT'LL MAKE A TERRIFIC SHOW! SURELY YOU'RE NOT SAYING YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, SIR STANDISH?
WELL-- IF YOU PIN ME DOWN-- NO, I DON'T! BUT WHY TEMPT FATE? OH, WELL, I'LL TAKE YOU OUT TO THE CASTLE!
SHERARD LAUGHED AWAY THE VAGUE FEARS OF HIS HOST AND THEY ALL MOTORED OUT TO GRUMLEY'S DEERE CASTLE!
AT MIDNIGHT A WOMAN ROAMS THROUGH THE CASTLE, THEY SAY! SHE HAS A SWORD IN HER BACK-- AND HER HEAD HAS BEEN CUT OFF! QUITE A SPOOK, EH?
TERRIFIC! A MOVIE OF ME SPENDING A NIGHT ALONE THERE WILL BE TERRIFIC!
MARVELOUS! IT'LL MAKE A MARVELOUS SHOW! WHAT'S THE LEGEND BEHIND IT ALL?
WELL-- THERE YOU ARE! THE VILLAGERS CALL IT THE "HOME OF THE HEADLESS HORROR!"
AND SO IT CAME ABOUT...
THERE! THE CAMERA'S WILL TAKE PICTURES IN THE DARK WITH THAT INFRA-RED FILM. NOW LET ME AT THAT CASTLE'S HEADLESS HORROR!

THEY DROVE TO THE LONELY CASTLE. SHERARD SET UP THE CAMERA'S IN THE WEAPONS ROOM, THE ROOM WHERE THE HEADLESS HORROR WAS ALLEGED TO WALK...
THERE-- I'M READY. COME MIDNIGHT--- AND A TOUCH OF THIS BUTTON ON THE HAND MIKE AND THESE CAMERAS TAKE PICTURES IN THE DARKNESS!
QUITE AN INTRICATE BUSINESS, THIS TRAPPING A GHOST FOR TELEVISION...
NOW YOU TWO JUST GO HOME, AND COME BACK FOR ME IN THE MORNING!
LOOK HERE, OLD MAN, I STILL FEEL UNEASY!
NOW, DARLING, YOU KNOW THIS GHOST BUSINESS IS SHEER POPPYCOCK!
SO VERN SHERARD WAS LEFT ALONE IN THE HAUNT OF THE HEADLESS HORROR...
NOW I WAIT TILL MIDNIGHT. HUH-- IT'S IMPOSSIBLE-- BUT I FEEL AS IF I'D BEEN HERE BEFORE!
THE MYSTERIOUS HOUR OF MIDNIGHT CAME. AND THEN, IN THE BEDROOM OF SIR AND LADY STANDISH...
HE SCREAMED! I HEARD HIM SCREAM-- GASP
EDWARD-- YAWN WHAT IS IT?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS, BUT I HEARD SHERARD SCREAM! I'VE GOT TO GO TO HIM AT ONCE!
DARLING, ARE YOU MAD?
BUT STANDISH WAS DETERMINED. HE QUICKLY SET OUT FOR DEERE CASTLE...
I'M SORRY, DARLING, BUT I JUST HAD TO GO NOW!

THE CAR SHRIEKED TO A HALT BEFORE THE DARK AND SILENT CASTLE. CHILLED BY A FEAR HE COULD NOT NAME, SIR STANDISH DASHED INSIDE, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY HIS WIFE...
SHERARD! ARE YOU-- OHHHH!
EDWARD-- YAAAA!!
AHH! I KNEW IT! KNEW SOMETHING TERRIBLE WOULD HAPPEN IN THIS CURSED PLACE! MAYBE THE HOUSE IS HAUNTED-- MAYBE THE HEADLESS HORROR IS...
EDWARD, STOP! STOP! IT WAS JUST-- JUST A GHASTLY ACCIDENT-- NOTHING MORE!
AN ACCIDENT? THERE'S A WAY TO FIND OUT! --THE FILM IN THESE CAMERAS HAS BEEN USED! I'LL HAVE IT DEVELOPED-- THEN WE CAN SEE WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO THE POOR DEVIL!
EDWARD (SOB) TAKE ME HOME --(SOB)-- TAKE ME HOME!
THE NEXT DAY...
THE FILM JUST ARRIVED, DARLING! THEY RUSHED THE DEVELOPMENT AS YOU ASKED!
WE'LL RUN IT IN THE STUDY!
WITH TREMBLING HANDS SIR STANDISH PLACED THE FILM IN A SOUND PROJECTOR, THEN...
GOOD EVENING, THIS IS VERN SHERARD IN A REAL HAUNTED ENGLISH CASTLE...

EDWARD! BEHIND HIM--LOOK-HE HASN'T SEEN IT ---OHHHH!
AT MIDNIGHT THE GHOST IS SUPPOSED TO APPEAR!
WELL, THE SPOOKING HOUR IS HERE! HA HA! NOW, LET'S SEE... I... ANHH!
EDWARD-ARE WE MAD--- IS IT POSSIBLE---
COME--COME TO ME! HERE--SEE? I OFFER YOU MY HEAD--SURELY YOU WILL WANT TO TAKE IT WITH YOU TO YOUR GRAVE!
HER HEAD! SHE'S LIFTED IT--THE BLOOD! KEEP AWAY... KEEP AWAY!
YOU HAVE COME! AT LAST, LONG LAST YOU HAVE COME! I...HAVE WAITED... SO LONG...
I MUST BE IM--IMAGINING THIS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--SOMEONE'S PLAYING A TRICK ON US!
ALL RIGHT---I WARNED YOU! KEEP AWAY--OR I'LL KILL YOU--- I'LL KILL YOU!
YAAA! IT GOES THROUGH YOU--BUT DOES NOTHING!
HA HA HA! YOU HAVE ATTACKED ME WITH A SWORD BEFORE! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN? SEE--SEE--IT IS STILL IN MY BACK!

DARLING! GOOD LORD, SHE'S FAINTED!
AS ONCE I OFFERED BLOOD TO YOU -- NOW YOU MUST COME TO ME ---

I'VE NOT DONE YOU ANY HARM -- GASP KEEP AWAY -- PLEASE! HA HA! THIS IS ALL A JOKE!!
IF YOU WILL NOT COME TO ME -- THEN I SHALL COME TO YOU --

I COME TO YOU --

DIE - HA HA HA -- DIE WITH STEEL AS ONCE YOU KILLED ME!! HA HA HA --
ARGHH -- HELP -- COUGH HELP ---

MY REVENGE IS COMPLETE!! DEATH HAS MADE THE COMPLETE CIRCLE! NOW I CAN HAVE MY REST -- SO LONG OVERDUE!

LOOK, SHE'S SHE'S FADING AWAY --- DISOLVING INTO NOTHINGNESS!
OHHH -- EDWARD -- PLEASE -- DON'T LET HER -- GET ME! OHHH -- I CAN'T LOOK ...

IT'S OVER! GHASTLY-- UNBELIEVABLE--
OH, EDWARD, IT--COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A TRICK-- COULD IT? IT WAS REAL! HOW HORRIBLE!
LETTER? I--YES, ALL RIGHT-- BRING IT HERE!
BEG PARDON, SIR! THIS LETTER--- IT JUST CAME FOR YOU BY SPECIAL POST!
DEAR SIR STANDISH: ACCORDING TO MY RECORDS, A MAN NAMED SHERARD LIVED IN GRUMLEY IN 1650! HE LEFT SUDDENLY FOR AMERICA IN 1680! IT IS SAID HE FLED BECAUSE HE HAD MURDERED LADY MARGARET DEERE WITH A SWORD. AS YOU MAY KNOW, IT IS THIS LADY DEERE WHO TO THIS DAY IS SAID TO HAUNT DEERE CASTLE!
IT'S FROM THE VILLAGE REGISTRAR. I ASKED HIM A WEEK AGO TO SEE IF HE HAD ANY RECORD OF SHERARD'S ANCESTORS HERE IN GRUMLEY AND... JUST READ THIS...
BUT I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS ANY CONNECTION!
EDWARD--YOU MEAN--THAT A WOMAN DEAD 300 YEARS TOOK REVENGE ON THE ANCESTOR OF THE MAN WHO KILLED HER! OH, EDWARD, IS IT POSSIBLE?
SO ENDED THE BRIGHT CAREER OF TV'S VERN SHERARD--A YOUNG MAN WHO SEARCHED FOR HIS ANCESTRAL HOME--AND FOUND DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A HEADLESS HORROR WHO HAD WAITED FOR HIM FOR OVER 300 YEARS!
The End

OUT OF THE INTOLERABLE STENCH OF A ROTTING BAYOU SWAMP CAME A HAUNTING REFRAIN...

SWAMP TERROR

I HAVE A STORY TO TELL YOU... A BAYOU STORY OF VIOLENCE AND MURDER, ABOUT NANETTE, THE SWAMP-WOMAN... A LUSTY TANTALIZING SHE-DEVIL, BORN IN SLIMY GUMBO MUD, DEEP IN THE FARTHEST REACHES OF THE BAYOU SWAMP!
KILL THE SNAKE FOR ME, RAOUL! KILL IT AND BRING IT TO ME!
FOR YOUR LOVE, NANETTE, I WOULD KILL TEN SUCH SNAKES!
RAOUL WAS IN LOVE WITH HER! THIS IDIOT OF A SWAMP FISHERMAN CHARGED AT THE REPTILE.
TEAR IT IN HALF, RAOUL, AND BRING ME THE CORPSE!
WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH A DEAD SNAKE, MY LOVE?
I WILL MAKE MYSELF BEAUTIFUL FOR YOU, FOOL! BRING IT TO ME!
LIKE IT, IDIOT?
OH, YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL, NANETTE! YOU HAVE MADE YOURSELF BEAUTIFUL FOR ME AS YOU SAID! WAS I NOT BRAVE TO KILL IT FOR YOU!

HAH! IMBECILE YOU TALK ABOUT BRAVERY! YOU THINK YOU ARE A MAN BECAUSE YOU KILLED A SNAKE! YOU ARE YOURSELF A SNAKE!
I HAVE DONE A BRAVE THING! CLAUDE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO BRAVE! HE WOULD NOT HAVE KILLED THE SNAKE!
AND I TELL YOU THAT CLAUDE IS TEN TIMES THE MAN YOU ARE! LOOK AT YOU! WOULD YOU HAVE ME LOVE AN IDIOT?
I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, NANETTE! LET ME PROVE THAT I LOVE YOU! GIVE ME A TASK!
WHAT WOULD YOU DO FOR ME? WOULD YOU KISS MY FEET? WOULD YOU COOK FOR ME? AND CLEAN MY HOUSE? WHAT MORE COULD AN IDIOT DO?
AND THEN THERE WAS CLAUDE...
GIVE ME A TASK! WHAT MUST I DO? TAKE PITY ON ME, NANETTE!
YOU BORE ME, RAOUL! GO BACK TO YOUR CATFISH! I'LL GO TO MY LOVER! GET ME A CATFISH SO THAT CLAUDE AND I MAY EAT OUR SUPPER!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY LITTLE WITCH? WHY DO YOU WALK THE SWAMP AT NIGHT?
AGH! YOU PIG!
TO LOOK FOR YOU, MY LOVER! I HAVE TIRED OF RAOUL! YOU MUST SHOWER YOUR LOVE UPON ME! RAOUL ASKS FOR A TASK TO PROVE HIS LOVE!
THAT SON OF AN ALLIGATOR, NANETTE, HOW COULD YOU SOIL YOUR HANDS ON THE FLESH OF THAT IDIOT?
HE KILLED A SNAKE FOR ME, MY LOVER! WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO SHOW YOUR LOVE FOR ME?

WHATEVER HE HAS DONE WAS DONE AS AN AN ANIMAL WOULD! I WILL PROVE MY LOVE AS A MAN WOULD!
NO! YOU WILL NOT TOUCH ME UNTIL YOU PROVE YOUR LOVE!
WHAT MUST I DO?
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
ANYTHING-- ANYTHING FOR YOU!
I WANT YOU TO BE MY WIFE! IF YOU INSIST ON SOME IDIOTIC RITUAL THAT I MUST ACCOMPLISH, VERY WELL! TELL ME WHAT I MUST DO AND I WILL DO IT!
YOU MUST KILL RAOUL!
NANETTES EYES GLOWED LIKE A SWAMP CATS! THIS WAS TO BE HER FINAL JOKE ON POOR RAOUL!
YOU...YOU COULD NOT MEAN THAT!
GO, MY LOVER, AND COME BACK TO ME WITH HIS BLOOD ON YOUR HANDS! YOU WILL FIND HIM AT THE CATFISH POOL! GO, NOW!
I SHALL DO THIS THING FOR YOU, NANETTE, BUT WHEN IT IS DONE, I SHALL BE THE MASTER IN THIS HOUSE!

NANETTE HAD A PLAN! A WONDERFUL JOKE TO PLAY ON BOTH HER LOVERS! SOON AFTER CLAUDE LEFT THE SHACK, RAOUL ENTERED!
I HAVE YOUR SUPPER, NANETTE! WILL YOU LOVE ME NOW, FOR THE FISH I CAUGHT FOR YOU?
MAD ONE! FRY THE FISH FOR ME AND THEN WE WILL TALK OF LOVE!
CLAUDE WAS HERE, IDIOT! MY LOVER PROMISED TO DO A TASK TO PROVE HIS LOVE! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?
THERE IS NOTHING HE WOULD DO THAT I WOULD NOT DO TEN TIMES BETTER!
WOULD YOU DO THIS FOR ME? WOULD YOU GO NOW TO THE CATFISH POOL AND MURDER CLAUDE!? THAT IS THE TASK I GIVE YOU!
YES! I WILL DO IT!
WHEN I DO THIS THING, THEN WILL YOU LOVE ME? NANETTE, SAY THAT YOU WILL LOVE ME!
GO, FOOL! KILL HIM AS YOU DID THE SNAKE!
RAOUL WENT TO FIND THE MAN HE WAS TO KILL! THE BAYOU ECHOED WITH NANETTES DEMONIC LAUGHTER!
GOOD EVENING, RAOUL! IT IS LATE FOR YOU TO BE IN THE SWAMP! WHAT DOES THE IDIOT DO HERE AT NIGHT?
I COME ON AN ERRAND! I HAVE COME HERE...
IT WAS A FIGHT TO BE REMEMBERED IN THE SWAMP FOR MANY MANY YEARS! AS THEY CAME CLOSER, RAOUL PICKED UP A LOG---
TO KILL YOU! OOOF!
CRACK!

IT WAS CLAUDE THAT WON NANETTES LOVE! OR DID HE?
I HAVE DONE IT! HIS BODY IS IN THE SWAMP, WHERE THE LEECHES AND FISH WILL FEED ON HIS FLESH! I HAVE EARNED YOUR LOVE! COME TO ME NANETTE!
HE IS DEAD! YOU HAVE KILLED THE IDIOT FOR ME!
CATCH ME, YOUNG FOOL! I WILL LOVE YOU...IF YOU CATCH ME!
YOU DEVIL!

COME, CLAUDE! LET ME SEE IF YOU ARE MAN ENOUGH TO FIND FOOTING IN A DARK SWAMP!
THE SWAMP WAS DARK! NANETTE, CHILD OF THE SWAMP, LEAPED EASILY FROM ROCK TO STUMP. CLAUDE WAS NOT SO LUCKY!
DIE FOR ME, MY LOVE! MY FOOL! THAT WAS YOUR TASK! NOW YOU HAVE PROVED YOUR LOVE!
I HAVE KILLED FOR YOU! YOU ARE MY WOMAN!
A JOKE! WHO HAS EVER MANAGED SUCH A JOKE ON HER LOVERS!
SUDDENLY THE LAUGHTER STOPPED! THE SWAMP BECAME STRANGELY QUIET BECAUSE NANETTE NO LONGER HAD HER LOVERS! SHE WAS ALONE!
AIIII! WHAT HAVE I DONE? I HAVE MURDERED MY MEN! I AM ALONE!
COME BACK TO ME, MY LOVERS!
SO IT TURNED OUT WELL AFTER ALL! NANETTE HAD HER LOVERS AND HER LOVERS HAD NANETTE! AND THE SWAMP WAS RID OF ALL OF THEM!
THE END

NO ONE HEARD THE LAUGHTER AND THE DANCING FEET OR THE SKIRL OF BAGPIPES EXCEPT THIS MAN! THIS IS THE WEIRD ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM WHEN HE DECIDED TO STALK...

BAGPIPES FROM HELL

LISTEN, FRED! THE SOUND OF THE BAGPIPES AGAIN!

OF COURSE, IAN! THE ANCIENT CLANSMEN HAVE GATHERED TO CELEBRATE! THERE THEY ARE! CAN'T CAN'T YOU SEE THEM?

RUBEN LAMARTHONNE

WE STAND HERE, THIS GREY WINDY SEPTEMBER MORNING, IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS, GAZING PENSIVELY, AND SOMEWHAT SADLY, AT GAUNT, GLOOMY-- AND FRIGHTENING-- CAMPBELL CASTLE...

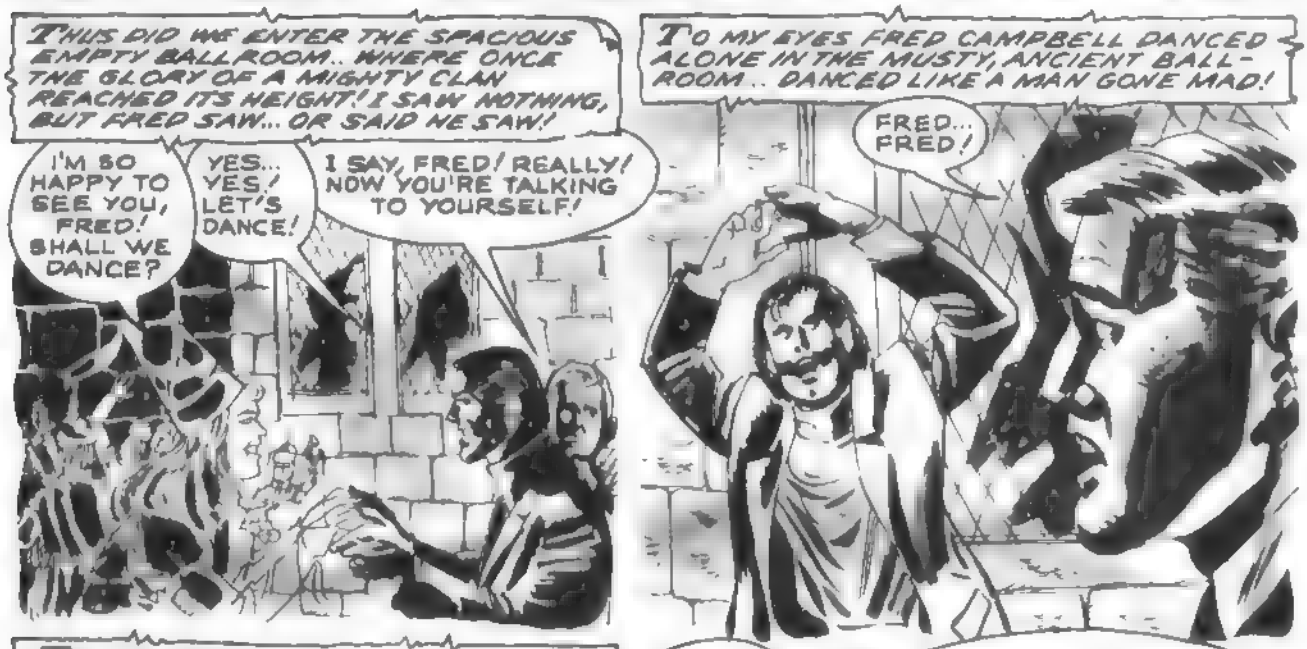
LISTEN! DO YOU HEAR IT? THE MUSIC!

YES, SIR, MR. STORM! BUT WE'LL COME TO THAT PART LATER! NOW TELL US-- JUST AS YOU REMEMBER IT-- THE STORY OF FREDERICK CAMPBELL!

FRED AND I WERE FRIENDS SINCE CHILDHOOD-- I SAW HIM GROW FAMOUS AS A WRITER! BUT HIS FAME NEVER PARTED US! WE REMAINED FAST FRIENDS... THEN, THREE MONTHS AGO, WE CAME TO SCOTLAND FROM THE U.S.... HE WANTED TO WRITE A BOOK...

WE TOOK LODGING AT THE INN THAT NIGHT! IN THE MORNING WE SAW ANCIENT CAMPBELL CASTLE FOR THE FIRST TIME! I... I STILL RECALL WITH SOMETHING OF A SHUDDER, FRED'S WORDS, AS WE STARED AT THE CASTLE!
MY FAMILY LINE CAN BE TRACED RIGHT BACK TO THAT CASTLE! MY BOOK SHALL BE ABOUT THE CAMPBELL CLAN!
LOOKS LIKE A GRIM PLACE, BUT I IMAGINE IT SAW A BIT OF GAIETY IN ITS TIME!
THEN YOU CAN FEEL IT TOO, A SENSATION OF BEING ONE WITH THE PAST. A SORT OF UNION WITH THINGS LONG GONE..
FRED, YOU'RE PUTTING WORDS IN MY MOUTH! I FEEL NOTHING OF THE SORT! WHAT'S COME OVER YOU?
JUST WHAT I'VE TOLD YOU, IAN... I BELIEVE I'M SOMEHOW A PART OF THE PAST.. THE PAST IN WHICH THE OLD CAMPBELL STILL LIVES!
STILL LIVES! YOU SOUND LIKE A CHARACTER FROM ONE OF YOUR OWN BOOKS! COME NOW... DRINK YOUR ALE!
WAIT... LISTEN! HEAR THE MUSIC? THE SKIRL OF THE BAGPIPES. THE CLAN HAS GATHERED FOR A FEAST AT THE CASTLE!
BOSH! THE WIND BLOWING THROUGH THE TREES MAKES THE SAME REEDY SOUND! IT'S SIMPLE LOGIC!
PERHAPS, SIR, BUT WE OF THE VILLAGE BELIEVE IN THE STORIES ABOUT THE FEASTS OF THE CLAN.. AND WE BELIEVE THEY FEAST THIS DAY!
THEN YOU PEOPLE ARE VERY PRONE TO TALL TALES ABOUT GHOSTS!
I'LL TAKE THE CHANCE ON THOSE STORIES BEING TRUE, IAN! I'M GOING TO THE CASTLE! I CAN STILL HEAR THOSE PIPES...
I'M GOING WITH YOU, MY FRIEND! YOU DON'T SOUND LIKE A WELL MAN...
AND THUS DID WE SET OFF FOR MYSTERIOUS CAMPBELL CASTLE.. BUT AS WE MADE OUR WAY ACROSS THE ROCKS, FRED CAMPBELL SUDDENLY COLLAPSED...
THE OLD PAINS... MY HEART. I GUESS I WAS MOVING TOO FAST!
THAT SETTLES IT! LET'S GO BACK TO THE INN... AND OUR ALE!

NO... IT'S BETTER NOW! JUST A MILD ATTACK, IAN! COME ON!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, FRED!
STANDING ON THE DRAW-BRIDGE OF THE ANCIENT CASTLE, THE WIND HOWLED MOURNFULLY AROUND US...
ALL RIGHT... SO WE'VE SEEN THE CASTLE! NOW SHALL WE RETURN TO THE INN?
IT IS FOLLY TO TURN BACK NOW! LET'S GO IN!
THE GLOOMY DUST-LADEN CORRIDORS WERE AS DEAD AS ANYTHING CAN BE DEAD! THE WIND BLEW THROUGH THE WINDOWS AND THE NARROW SLITS!
IF THAT BLASTED WIND WOULD ONLY DIE DOWN!
IT IS NOT THE WIND... IT IS THE MUSIC OF THE BAGPIPES! SEE THEM, IAN! SEE THEM? COME TO THE BALLROOM!


THUS DID WE ENTER THE SPACIOUS EMPTY BALLROOM.. WHERE ONCE THE GLORY OF A MIGHTY CLAN REACHED ITS HEIGHT! I SAW NOTHING, BUT FRED SAW... OR SAID HE SAW!
I'M SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU, FRED! SHALL WE DANCE?
YES... YES! LET'S DANCE!
I SAY, FRED! REALLY! NOW YOU'RE TALKING TO YOURSELF!
TO MY EYES FRED CAMPBELL DANCED ALONE IN THE MUSTY, ANCIENT BALL-ROOM.. DANCED LIKE A MAN GONE MAD!
FRED... FRED!

TO HIS EYES THE ROOM WAS FILLED WITH DANCING, LAUGHING, CHATTERING FIGURES FROM THE PAST!
FRED! YOU ACT AS A MAN GONE MAD! THERE ARE NO BAGPIPES.. NO PEOPLE! JUST YOU AND I... AND THAT ACCURSED WIND! FRED... LISTEN...
FRED, LISTEN TO ME..
THE DANCE IS OVER NOW, IAN! I HAVE SEEN THEM... I HAVE JOINED HANDS WITH HISTORY... LET US RETURN TO THE INN...

BEAR IN MIND HOW I FELT! FRED CAMPBELL WAS MY LIFELONG FRIEND! TO SEE THIS HAPPENING TO HIM FILLED ME WITH PANIC! SO, BACK AT THE INN, I TOOK STRONG MEASURES TO COUNTER THESE INCREDIBLE HAPPENINGS!
THIS IS DOCTOR MACTAVISH, FRED! I CALLED HIM IN TO CHECK YOUR HEART... BUT... WELL, DOCTOR MACTAVISH IS ALSO A PSYCHIATRIST... FRED... I...
YES... I KNOW! YOU THINK I DON'T REALLY HEAR THE BAGPIPES... THAT I DON'T SEE THE DANCERS! I ASSURE YOU, DOCTOR, I AM NOT MAD! YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME!

THEN WE WERE ALONE... FRED AND I! I SAY WE WERE ALONE, BUT WERE WE? FOR SUDDENLY... FRED TURNED... AS IF HEARING A VOICE!
WE BELIEVE YOU, FRED!
YES! YES, I KNEW YOU'D BELIEVE ME!
FRED! FOR PITY SAKE! T-THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT US! YOU SOUND AS IF YOU'RE ANSWERING SOMEONE!
ONCE AGAIN HE HAD THAT PEACEFUL EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE... AS IF THERE WERE OTHERS IN THE ROOM WITH US...
OH, FRED, I'VE MISSED YOU! COME... LET'S DANCE!
YES... LET'S DANCE!
GOOD GRIEF, HIS MIND HAS SNAPPED!

I PLEADED WITH FRED... ATTEMPTED TO SHAKE HIM OUT OF HIS MADNESS... AND THAT'S WHEN HE COLLAPSED, OFFICER... COLLAPSED FOR THE LAST TIME...
FRED! FRED! GREAT SCOTT... HIS HEART! THIS TIME IT GOT HIM! I FEEL NO PULSE... DOCTOR!
THE DOCTOR CAME IN AND EXAMINED FRED...
HE'S DEAD, MR. STORM... HIS HEART!
I WAS FOOLISH TO EVER LET HIM COME HERE AND... DOCTOR, LISTEN... DO YOU HEAR MUSIC AROUND US?

YES... I DO SEEM TO HEAR IT! IT'S COMING FROM THE HALLWAY! LISTEN!
COULD IT BE THE WIND IN THE TREES... AND IN THE CREVICES OF THE ROCKS?
THE MUSIC SEEMED TO FADE AWAY FROM THE INN... SO WE FOLLOWED IT OUT ONTO THE TERRACE...
THE MUSIC IS FLOATING ACROSS THE MOORS... TOWARD THE CASTLE!
I CAN HEAR IT, DOCTOR, EVER SO FAINTLY!
CALL IT IMAGINATION, IF YOU WILL... BUT I SEEMED TO HEAR FRED CALLING ME!
IAN... COME JOIN US, IAN! FOLLOW THE MUSIC TO THE CASTLE... COME!
I RACED OUT INTO THE MOORS... AFTER A VOICE WHICH I THOUGHT CALLED OUT FOR ME!
HURRY, IAN, JOIN THE CAMPBELL CLAN! COME IAN, COME TO THE CASTLE!
I TRIPPED AND FELL, AND STRUCK MY HEAD ON A ROCK, OFFICER!.. AND THAT'S THE LAST I REMEMBER, UNTIL YOU FOUND ME HERE!
DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU SAW THE DANCERS? YOU KNOW, OF COURSE THAT THE WIND MAKES THE MUSICAL SOUNDS AS IT BLOWS THROUGH THE TREES!
YES... I KNOW THAT! I COULD BELIEVE NOTHING ELSE... OR I'D SURELY BE MAD!.. YET...
YET?
YET I MUST GO TO THE CASTLE,... DON'T YOU HEAR THE BAG-PIPES? THEY'RE CALLING ME...
OF COURSE, THEY WOULDN'T LET ME ANSWER THE CALL! INSTEAD THEY WHISPERED KIND WORDS AND FORCEFULLY TOOK ME FROM THE SCENE! NOW I'M RESTING... IN A RATHER NICE PLACE... FAR REMOVED FROM THE BLEAK MOORS OF SCOTLAND! BUT I STILL HEAR FRED'S VOICE... AND THOSE SKIRLING PIPES... CALLING... CALLING...
THE END

I'VE GOT A STAKE TO DRIVE THROUGH YOUR HEART WHATEVER YOU ARE..

THE DOLL WITCH

THE WITCH WOMAN! I'VE HEARD THE STORIES!
NOT WITCH! VAMPIRE! THE UNDEAD! MR. MUNSON, STORIES SAY LARUKI STILL LIVES!
FOR MONTHS THE POLICE HAVE PURSUED YOU, HALF WAY AROUND THE WORLD! BUT YOU'RE SMART AND TOUGH, SO YOU DON'T WORRY ABOUT FAIRY TALES!
SKIP IT! HOW LONG TO FIX THAT MOTOR?
I DON'T KNOW, MR. MUNSON! BUT LET'S GO BACK TO THE BOAT, IT'S SAFER!
IN THIS STORM? ROSA STICKS WITH ME ON SOLID GROUND! COME ON, WE'LL FIND A DRY SPOT AND WORRY ABOUT THE MOTOR LATER!
AFTER A WHILE YOU SLEEP! BUT... NOT FOR LONG!
LARUKI! I SEE THE ACCURSED ONE!
THE STORM BUILDS SWIFTLY! YOU FIND A CAVE! YOU EVEN MANAGE A SMILE FOR ROSA, YOUR WIFE! THE ONLY PERSON IN THE WORLD YOU REALLY TRUST!
THIS ISN'T THE RITZ, BABY, BUT ONE DAY THE COPS'LL BE OFF OUR NECKS AND I'LL MAKE IT ALL UP TO YOU!
ARGGHH...
SAVE YOUR BULLETS! THEY CANNOT HARM HER! ONLY HOGA CAN DRIVE HER OFF! IT'S A CHARM AGAINST EVIL!
BANG!
IT MUST WORK! SHE'S GONE! I...I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT! IT WAS A WOMAN! BUT A MINUTE AGO I'D HAVE SWORN IT WAS AN ANIMAL!
DANNY!

DANNY'S DEAD! HIS THROAT! IT'S A MESS!
MR. MUNSON, LET'S GO TO THE BOAT! LARUKI CANNOT CROSS WATER! THAT IS WHY MY PEOPLE BROUGHT HER HERE!
YOU'RE NOT A SUPERSTITIOUS MAN, BUT YOU HAVE ROSA TO THINK OF, SO YOU AND THE OTHERS STUMBLE TOWARD THE BEACH!
THE BOAT! IT'S...
SMASHED AGAINST THE ROCKS! NO FOOD, NO WATER, AND NOW NO BOAT!
IF WE DON'T FIND HER, SHE WILL COME AGAIN TONIGHT! STAY CLOSE TO ME! THIS HOGA WILL PROTECT US!
THERE IS NO ESCAPE! BUT AFTERWARD, IT IS NOT FOOD AND WATER THAT MATTERS! A SMART MAN PLACES FIRST THINGS FIRST!
FIRST, KIMA, IS THERE A WAY TO GET RID OF THAT VAMPIRE? ANY WAY!
THERE IS! WE MUST DRIVE A STAKE THROUGH HER HEART WHILE SHE SLEEPS DURING THE DAY! IN THE OLD DAYS MY PEOPLE DID NOT KNOW THAT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO KILL A VAMPIRE!
YEAH! LAST NIGHT WHEN SHE SAW THAT THING SHE TOOK OFF... GIVE ME THAT!
NO! IT IS MINE!
LAY OFF, MIKE WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THE HOGA TONIGHT! NOW WE'RE GOING TO FIND LARUKI!
FOR A STAKE YOU PICK UP A BIT OF FLOTSAM FROM THE BEACH! THEN THE SEARCH IS ON! THE ISLAND IS SMALL, BARE, AND YET... AT SUNDOWN YOU HAVE FOUND NOTHING!
IT'S GETTING DARK! WHAT NEXT?
WE STICK NEAR KIMA AND THAT GADGET OF HIS! ONE OF US WILL STAND GUARD, YOU!
YOU DOZE FITFULLY! THE NIGHT PASSES, BUT NOT UNEVENTFULLY! IN THE MORNING, YOU FIND OUT!
MIKE! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG WITH KIMA?
IT WAS HERE! IT MUST HAVE BEEN! KIMA IS DEAD JUST LIKE DANNY! I... FELL ASLEEP! I NEVER SAW IT!

THE HOGA! YOU TOOK IT OFF HIS NECK WHILE HE SLEPT! THAT'S WHY IT PASSED YOU UP!
YEAH! SO WHAT? MIKE BECKETT LOOKS OUT FOR MIKE BECKETT!
AND WHAT ABOUT ROSA AND ME? THAT THING MIGHT'VE GOTTEN US... TOO!
YOU CAN LOOK OUT FOR YOURSELVES! YOU GOT ME INTO THIS AND I'LL GET MYSELF OUT!
WILL YOU, MIKE?
BANG!
STEVE, NO!
IT WAS HIM... OR US, ROSA!

DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT! YOU HEARD! I HAD TO DO IT!
DON'T COME NEAR ME! MURDERER! I THOUGHT THE POLICE... WERE WRONG! BUT THEY WEREN'T! YOU KILLED HIM IN COLD BLOOD!
ALL RIGHT! SO I'M A KILLER! THE WORLD IS LIKE THAT! KILL OR BE KILLED! GO TO THE BEACH! I'M GOING TO FIND LARUKI AND PUT THAT STAKE THROUGH HER HEART!
ONLY YOU DON'T FIND LARUKI! THE DAYS WEAR ON AND YOU FIND ONLY EMPTI-NESS! BUT YOU HAVE THE NOGA! EVEN AFTER DARK YOU GO ON! AND AT LAST YOU NEAR SOMETHING!
YOU'RE SCARED, BUT BECAUSE, IN ALL THE WORLD YOUR WIFE IS THE ONLY THING YOU CARE FOR! YOU FOLLOW THE LAUGHTER!
A WOMAN! THAT WAS A WOMAN'S LAUGHTER LARUKI!
THERE IT IS AGAIN! SHE'S IN THERE!
NOTHING, IT'S EMPTY!
ROSA!
STEVE! AT LAST! I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOU FOR HOURS! I'M SO TIRED!

FUNNY! YOU'RE A KILLER, BUT FOR ROSA YOU HAVE ONLY TENDERNESS! WHEN SHE FALLS YOU FORGET LARUKI! YOU FORGET EVERYTHING!
ROSA, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU POOR KID! YOU MUST BE WORN OUT! YOU FAINTED! JUST TAKE IT EASY! I'LL FIND LARUKI TOMORROW! SHE MUST HAVE A HIDE-OUT SOMEWHERE!
SHE HAS, STEVE!
THAT'S WHEN YOU BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND! YOU SEE ROSA'S EYES, AND YOU LET HER GO! YOU TURN FRANTIC! TERRIFIED!
AT LAST YOU KNOW WHERE LARUKI HAS BEEN HIDING! AND YOU KNOW THAT YOU ONLY HAVE ONE CHANCE! YOUR FINGERS CLAW FOR THE HOGA! BUT... YOU NEVER REACH IT!
THE END

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THE STONE MONSTERS

ON THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF BOSNIA, THE 900TH YEAR OF ITS EXISTENCE WAS THE RESTORATION OF THE VERY ANCIENT GUILD HALL, MYSTERIOUSLY DESTROYED IN THE XIITH CENTURY BY A SUDDEN CONFLAGRATION!

WEEKS PASSED AS DORION JOOST WORKED AT HIS TASK...

I DID NOT EVEN PLAN THESE FIGURES! THEY JUST GROW AS IF MY HANDS WERE GUIDED BY SOME STRANGE POWER!

AT LAST JOOST'S TASK WAS FINISHED...

AHH! I FEEL AS IF A WEIGHT HAS BEEN TAKEN OFF MY BACK!

A FEW DAYS LATER...

SO YOU'RE FINISHED! COME. LET US SEE WHAT WE ARE PAYING FOR!

NO! YOU MUST NOT UNCOVER THEM UNTIL THEY HAVE BEEN PLACED ON THE GUILD HALL ROOF!

TOMORROW YOUR GARGOYLES WILL BE REQUIRED! THE WORKMEN WILL BE HERE EARLY SO BE READY!

YES! I ASSURE YOU, ALL WILL BE QUITE SATISFACTORY, DR. JANOS!

THE NEXT DAY AT THE GUILD HALL DEDICATION...

LET THIS NEW GUILD HALL BE A SYMBOL OF BOSNIA'S FREEDOM!

ONE-BY-ONE, THE VEILS WERE DROPPED FROM THE STONE STATUES!

FRIGHTFUL!

JOOST! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? THOSE ARE GRUESOME GARGOYLES!

THEY ARE MONSTERS! AND SO LIFELIKE! THEY MUST BE CHANGED!

NO! THEY ARE MASTERPIECES! ARE YOU BLIND TO THEIR BEAUTY?

IF YOU DO NOT CHANGE THEM, I WILL HAVE THEM DESTROYED!
NO! NO! WAIT! GIVE ME A CHANCE TO THINK ABOUT IT!

LATER THAT EVENING...
IT IS NO USE! EACH TIME I SKETCH A FIGURE IT IS THE SAME AS THE STONE IMAGE I CREATED!

PERHAPS ONE OF THESE OLD BOOKS ON STONE CARVING WILL HELP ME!

WHY, THIS IS THE SKETCH BOOK OF MY ANCESTOR, ANDREAS JOOST! HOW STRANGE!
Sketch Andreas Joost

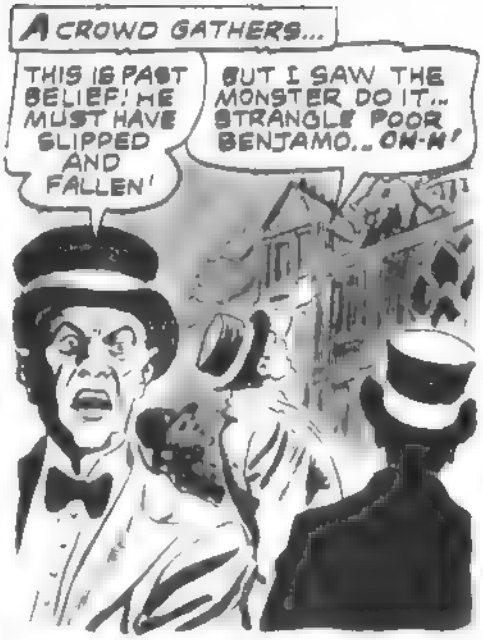
INCREDIBLE! THESE ARE THE EXACT GARGOYLES I HAVE CARVED! AND IT SAYS HERE: "CARVED OF STONE, YET ALIVE WITH EVIL! DESTRUCTION AWAITS THOSE WHO MEDDLE WITH THE GARGOYLES OF BOSNIA!" I MUST WARN THE COMMITTEE!

A HALF HOUR LATER...
SO YOU WILL NOT CHANGE THEM AND YOU BRING US THIS STUPID TALE! WELL THEN, THEY WILL BE DESTROYED TOMORROW!
I WARN YOU... IT WILL BE A DISASTER TO TAMPER WITH THEM!

THE NEXT DAY...
JOOST HAS WARNED THE COMMITTEE THAT EVIL WILL COME OF DESTROYING HIS CREATIONS!
NONSENSE! I WILL STRIKE THE FIRST BLOW! WATCH!

SUDDENLY...
AARRR! NO!
BENJAMO! THE MONSTER IS ALIVE!

I'M GOING MAD! I CANNOT BELIEVE WHAT I SAW! I MUST GET AWAY!


A CROWD GATHERS...
THIS IS PAST BELIEF! HE MUST HAVE SLIPPED AND FALLEN!
BUT I SAW THE MONSTER DO IT... STRANGLE POOR BENJAMO... OH-H!

BY KING HASSO, YOU ARE RIGHT! THERE ARE TEN CLAW MARKS ON HIS THROAT!
THIS IS JOOST'S EVIL DOING! SUMMON THE POLICE!

I DID NOTHING BUT CARVE THEM! LET ME GO!
YOU ARE THE DEVIL'S AGENT! YOU'LL HANG FOR THIS, JOOST!

TELL US HOW TO GET RID OF THEM, AND YOUR LIFE SHALL BE SPARED!
I AM NOT A MAGICIAN! I KNOW NOTHING OF THE BLACK ARTS OR HOW TO DESTROY THEM!

WE WILL ALL MEET TONIGHT AND TRY TO FIND A SOLUTION TO THIS PROBLEM!
I FEAR THAT ONLY JOOST CAN HELP US!

THAT NIGHT...
I SAY JOOST MUST BE HANGED!
THERE'S TIME TO HANG JOOST! WE MUST MAKE ONE LAST APPEAL TO HIM!

HOW I HATE THEIR UGLY FACES!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, RASOB?

A DIRECT HIT... HUH? WHAT IS THAT SOUND?
THAT GARGOYLE SCREAMED LIKE A FIEND IN AGONY!

IN HEAVEN'S NAME, LOOK, RASOB! THE GARGOYLES ARE LOOSE!
FLEE FOR YOUR LIFE!

YIII! I'VE STUMBLED! DR JANOS, HELP ME!
I-- I CAN'T! I FEEL THEIR SULPHUROUS BREATH ON MY NECK!

LET ME IN! OPEN THE DOOR! QUICK!
AARR!

RASOB... THREW STONE! GARGOYLES DESCENDED AND CHASED US... RASOB WAS TRAMPLED!
HOW COULD IT BE? FETCH WATER! HE'S FAINTING!

WHEN DR JANOS HAD BEEN REVIVED...
LOOK AT THOSE CURSED THINGS! THEY'RE GRINNING! IT WAS RIGHT HERE THAT RASOB FELL!
I SEE SOMETHING LYING IN THE STREET!

HE WAS CRUSHED TO A PULP... AS IF A STONE WALL FELL ON HIM!
POOR RASOB! JOOST MUST TALK TO THESE CREATURES!

LATER, AT THE JAIL...
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO? I HAVE NO CONTROL OVER THESE CREATURES!
YOU CREATED THEM! SPEAK TO THEM! IF THIS HAPPENS AGAIN YOU WILL HANG!

I WILL DO AS YOU SAY, MAYOR! BUT, GET ME A BOTTLE OF BRANDY TO FORTIFY MY NERVES! OH, YES... AND ALSO A HAMMER!
GOOD! HO, GUARD! A BOTTLE OF MY NAPOLEON BRANDY AND A HAMMER!

JOOST LEFT THE JAIL...
THE FOOLS! I'LL GO UP THERE FOR A FEW MINUTES! THEN I'M SNEAKING OUT OF BOSNIA! THAT ROPE WAS TOO CLOSE!

WHAT CAN I POSSIBLY SAY TO THESE STONE FIGURES? I MUST TALK! THOSE FOOLS DOWN THERE ARE PROBABLY WATCHING ME!

GREETINGS, MY BRAIN CHILDREN! IT IS DORION JOOST COME TO DRINK TO YOUR HEALTH AND... BY LUCIFER... THEY ARE MOVING!

WHATEVER YOU BEASTS ARE, I IMPLORE YOU TO RETURN TO STONE OR YOU WILL BE DESTROYED!
YOU HAVE RELEASED OUR SPIRIT BURIED 900 YEARS AGO IN THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ANCIENT HALL!

WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?
OUR SPIRITS ARE TORMENTED! ONLY WITH YOUR DEATH CAN WE RETURN TO PERPETUAL STONE!

NEVER! I WILL DESTROY YOU ALL FIRST!
WE WILL CRUSH YOU TO DEATH, YOU FOOL!

HAREE! HE HAS DESTROYED OUR LEADER! KILL HIM!
BACK, YOU DEVILS! I MUST FLEE FOR MY LIFE!

BUT THEN...
THE ROOF IS COLLAPSING! NOOO!! HELP!!

THE GUILD HALL WAS IN RUINS WHEN THE HORRIFIED SPECTATORS RUSHED FORWARD...
TONIGHT WE HAVE WITNESSED A MOST HORRIBLE SCENE! WHERE IS DORION JOOST?
SOMEWHERE IN THE RUINS! THERE... I SEE HIM!

LOOK! DORION JOOST HAS TURNED TO STONE! AND HIS FACE... IT LOOKS LIKE A GARGOYLE!
FRIENDS! WE HAVE HAD OUR FILL OF GARGOYLES! I WILL SEE TO IT THAT HENCEFORTH THEY ARE OUTLAWED IN BOSNIA!
THE END

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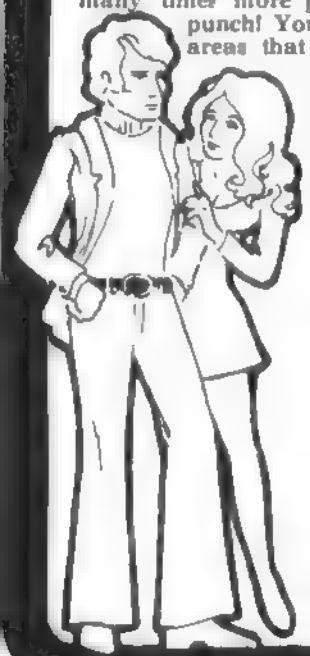

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THE END

"I'M GETTING tired," complained Davis, lounging in the window of the Physics Building "and sleepy. It's after eleven o'clock. This makes the fourth night I've sat up to see your new star, and it'll be the last. Why, the thing was billed to appear three weeks ago."

"Are *you* tired, Miss Ward our?" asked Eastwood, and the girl glanced up with a quick flush and a negative murmur.

Eastwood made the reflection anew that she was certainly painfully shy She was almost as plain as she was shy, though her hair had an unusual beauty of its own, fine as silk and colored like palest flame.

Probably she had brains; Eastwood had seen her reading some extremely "deep" books, but she seemed to have no amusements, few interests. She worked daily at the Art Students' League, and boarded where he did, and he had thus come to ask her with the Davises to watch for the new star from the laboratory windows on the Heights.

"Do you really think that it's worth while to wait any longer, professor?" inquired Mrs. Davis, concealing a yawn.

Eastwood was somewhat annoyed by the continued failure of the star to show itself, and he hated to be called "professor," being only an assistant professor of physics.

"I don't know," he answered somewhat curtly. "This is the twelfth night that I have waited for it. Of course, it would have been a mathematical miracle if astronomers should have solved such a problem exactly, though they've been figuring on

it for a quarter of a century."

The new Physics Building of Columbia University was about twelve stories high. The physics laboratory occupied the ninth and tenth floors, with the astronomical rooms above it, an arrangement which would have been impossible before the invention of the oil vibration cushion, which practically isolated the instrument-rooms from the Earth.

Eastwood had arranged a small telescope at the window, and below them spread the illuminated map of Greater New York, sending up a faintly musical roar. All the streets were crowded, as they had been every night since the fifth of the month, when the great new star, or sun, was expected to come into view.

Some error had been made in the calculations, though, as Eastwood said, astronomers had been figuring on them for twenty-five years.

It was, in fact, nearly forty years since Professor Adolphe Bernier first announced his theory of a limited universe at the International Congress of Sciences in Paris, where it was counted as little more than a masterpiece of imagination.

Professor Bernier did not believe that the universe was infinite. Somewhere, he argued, the universe must have a center, which is the pivot for its revolution.

The moon revolves around the Earth, the planetary system revolves about the sun, the solar system revolves about one of the fixed stars, and this whole system in its turn undoubtedly revolves around some distant point. But this sort of progression must stop somewhere.

Somewhere there must be a central sun, a vast incandescent body which does not move at all. And as a sun is always larger and hotter than its satellites, therefore the body at the center of the universe must be of an immensity and temperature beyond anything known or imagined.

It was objected that this hypothetical body should then be large enough to be visible from Earth, and Professor Bernier replied that some day it undoubtedly would be visible. Its light had simply not yet had time to reach the Earth.

The passage of light from the nearest of the fixed stars is a matter of three years, and there must be many stars so distant that their rays have not yet reached us. The great central sun must be so inconceivably remote that perhaps hundreds, perhaps thousands of years would elapse before its light should burst upon the solar system

All this was contemptuously classed as "newspaper science," till the extraordinary mathematical revival a little after the middle of the twentieth century afforded the means of verifying it.

Following the new theorems discovered by Professor Burnside, of Princeton, and elaborated by Dr. Taneka, of Tokyo, astronomers succeeded in calculating the art of the sun's movements through space, and its ratio to the orbit of its satellites. With this as a basis, it was possible to follow the widening circles, the consecutive systems of the heavenly bodies and their rotations.

The theory of Professor Bernier was justified. It was demonstrated that there really was a gigantic mass of incandescent matter, which, whether the central point of the universe or not, appeared to be without motion.

The weight and distance of this new sun were approximately calculated, and, the speed of light being known, it was an easy matter to reckon when its rays would reach the Earth.

It was then estimated that the approaching rays would arrive at the Earth in twenty-six years, and that was twenty-six years ago. Three weeks had passed since the date when the new heavenly body was expected to become visible, and it had not yet appeared.

POPULAR INTEREST had risen to a high pitch, stimulated by innumerable newspaper and magazine articles, and the streets were nightly thronged with excited crowds armed with opera-glass and star maps, while at every corner a telescope man had planted his tripod instrument at a nickel a look.

Similar scenes were taking place in every civilized city on the globe.

It was generally supposed that the new luminary would appear in size about midway between Venus and the moon. Better informed persons expected something like the sun, and a syndicate quietly leased large areas on the coast of Greenland in anticipation of a great rise in temperature and a northward movement in population.

Even the business situation was appreciably affected by the public uncertainty and excitement. There was a decline in stocks, and a minor religious sect boldly prophesied the end of the world.

"I've had enough of this," said Davis, looking at his watch again. "Are you ready to go, Grace? By the way, isn't it getting warmer?"

It had been a sharp February day, but the temperature was certainly rising. Water was dripping from the roofs, and from the icicles that fringed the window ledges, as if a warm wave had suddenly arrived.

"What's that light?" suddenly asked Alice Wardour, who was lingering by the open window.

"It must be moonrise," said Eastwood, though the illumination of the horizon was almost like daybreak.

Davis abandoned his intention of leaving, and they watched the east grow pale and flushed till at last a brilliant white disc heaved itself above the horizon.

It resembled the full moon, but as if trebled in luster, and the streets grew almost as light as by day.

"Good heavens, that must be the new star, after all!" said Davis in an awed voice.

"No, it's only the moon. This is the hour and minute for her rising," answered Eastwood, who had grasped the cause of the phenomenon. "But the new sun must have appeared on the other side of the Earth. Its light is what makes the moon so brilliant. It will rise here just as the sun does, no telling how soon. It must be brighter than was expected — and maybe hotter," he added with a vague uneasiness .

"Isn't it getting very warm in here?" said Mrs. Davis, loosening her jacket. "Couldn't you turn off some of the heat?"

Eastwood turned it all off, for, in spite of the open window, the room was really growing uncomfortably close. But the warmth appeared to come from without; it was like a warm spring evening.

For half an hour they leaned from the windows with but desultory conversation, and below them the streets were black with people and whitened with upturned faces. The brilliant moon rose higher, and the mildness of the night sensibly increased.

It was after midnight when Eastwood first noticed the reddish flush tinging the clouds low in the east, and he pointed it out to his companions.

"That must be it at last," he exclaimed, with a thrill of vi-

brating excitement at what he was going to see, a cosmic event unprecedented in intensity.

The brightness waxed rapidly.

"By Jove, see it redden!" Davis ejaculated. "It's getting lighter than day — and hot! Whew!"

The whole eastern sky glowed with a deepening pink that extended half round the horizon. Sparrows chirped from the roofs, and it looked as if the disc of the unknown star might, at any moment be expected to lift above the Atlantic, but it delayed long.

THE HEAVENS continued to burn with myriad hues, gathering at last to a fiery furnace glow on the sky line.

Mrs. Davis suddenly screamed. An American flag blowing freely from its staff on the roof of the tall building had all at once burst into flame.

Low in the east lay a long streak of intense fire which broadened as they squinted with watering eyes. It was as if the edge of the world had been heated to whiteness.

The brilliant moon faded to a feathery white film in the glare. There was a confused outcry from the observatory overhead, and a crash of something being broken, and as the strange new sunlight fell through the window the onlookers leaped back as if a blast furnace had been opened before them.

The glass cracked and fell inward. Something like the sun, but magnified fifty times in size and hotness, was rising out of the sea. An iron instrument-table by the window began to smoke with an acrid smell of varnish.

"What the devil is this, Eastwood?" shouted Davis accusingly.

From the streets rose a sudden, enormous wail of fright and pain, the outcry of a million throats at once, and the roar of a stampede followed. The pavements were choked with struggling, panic-stricken people in the fierce glare, and above the din arose the clanging rush of fire-engines and trucks.

Smoke began to rise from several points below Central Park, and two or three church chimes pealed crazily.

The observers from overhead came running down the stairs with a thunderous trampling, for the elevator man had deserted his post.

"Here, we've got to get out of this," shouted Davis, seizing his wife by the arm and hustling her toward the door. "This place'll be an fire directly."

"Hold on. You can't go down into that crush on the street," Eastwood cried, trying to prevent him.

But Davis broke away and raced down the stairs, half carrying his terrifed wife. Eastwood got his back against the door in time to prevent Alice from following them.

"There's nothing in this building that will burn, Miss Wardour," he said as calmly as he could. "We had better stay here for the present. It would be sure death to get involved in that stampede below. Just listen to it."

The crowds on the street seemed to sway to and fro in contending waves, and the cries, curses, and screams came up in a savage chorus.

The heat was already almost blistering to the skin, though they carefully avoided the direct rays, and instruments of

glass in the laboratory cracked loudly one by one.

A vast cloud of dark smoke began to rise from the harbor, where the shipping must have caught fire, and something exploded with a terrific report. A few minutes later half a dozen fires broke out in the lower part of the city, rolling up volumes of smoke that faded to a thin mist in the dazzling light.

The great new sun was now fully above the horizon, and the whole east seemed ablaze. The stampede in the streets had quieted all at once, for the survivors had taken refuge in the nearest houses, and the pavements were black with motionless forms of men and women.

"I'll do whatever you say," said Alice, who was deadly pale, but remarkably collected. Even at that moment Eastwood was struck by the splendor of her ethereally brilliant hair that burned like pale flame above her pallid face. "But we can't stay here, can we?"

"No," replied Eastwood, trying to collect his faculties in the face of this catastrophe revolution of nature. "We'd better go to the basement, I think."

In the basement were deep vaults used for the storage of delicate instruments, and these would afford shelter for a time at least. It occurred to him as he spoke that perhaps temporary safety was the best that any living thing on Earth could hope for.

But he led the way down the well staircase. They had gone down six or seven flights when a gloom seemed to grow upon the air, with a welcome relief.

It seemed almost cool, and the sky had clouded heavily, with the appearance of polished and heated silver.

A deep but distant roaring arose and grew from the southeast, and they stopped on the second landing to look from the window.

A VAST BLACK mass seemed to fill the space between sea and sky, and it was sweeping toward the city, probably from the harbor, Eastwood thought, at a speed that made it visibly grow as they watched it.

"A cyclone — and a waterspout!" muttered Eastwood, appalled.

He might have foreseen it from the sudden, excessive evaporation and the heating of

the air. The gigantic black pillar drove toward them swaying and reeling, and a gale came with it, and a wall of impenetrable mist behind.

As Eastwood watched its progress he saw its cloudy bulk illumnied momentarily by a dozen lightning-like flashes, and a moment later, above its roar, came the tremendous detonations of heavy cannon.

The forts and the warships were firing shells to break the waterspout, but the shots seemed to produce no effect. It was the city's last and useless attempt at resistance. A moment later forts and ships alike must have been engulfed.

"Hurry! This building will collapse!" Eastwood shouted.

They rushed down another flight, and heard the crash with which the monster broke over the city. A deluge of water, like the emptying of a reservoir, thundered upon the street, and the water was steaming hot as it fell.

There was a rending crash of falling walls, and in another instant the Physics Building seemed to be twisted around by a powerful hand. The walls blew out, and the whole structure sank in a chaotic mass.

But the tough steel frame was practically unwreckable, and, in fact, the upper portion was simply bent down upon the lower stories peeling off most of the shell of masonry and stucco.

Eastwood was stunned as he was hurled to the floor, but when he came to himself he was still upon the landing, which was tilted at an alarming angle. A tangled mass of steel rods and beams hung a yard over his head, and a huge steel girder had plunged down perpendicularly from above, smashing everything in its way.

Wreckage choked the well of the staircase, a mass of plaster, bricks, and shattered furniture surrounded him, and he could look out in almost every direction through the rent iron skeleton.

A yard away Alice was sitting up, mechanically wiping the mud and water from her face, and apparently uninjured. Tepid water was pouring through the interstices of the wreck in torrents, though it did not appear to be raining.

A steady, powerful gale had followed the whirlwind, and it brought a little coolness with it. Eastwood inquired perfunctorily of Alice if she were hurt,

without being able to feel any degree of interest in the matter. His faculty of sympathy seemed paralyzed.

"I don't know. I thought — I thought that we were all dead!" the girl murmured in a sort of daze. "What was it? Is it all over?"

"I think it's only beginning," Eastwood answered dully.

The gale had brought up more cloud, and the skies were thickly overcast, but shining white-hot. Presently the rain came down in almost scalding floods, and as it fell upon the hissing streets it steamed again into the air.

In three minutes all the world was choked with hot vapor, and from the roar and splash the streets seemed to be running rivers.

The downpour seemed too violent to endure, and after an hour it did cease, while the city reeked with mist. Through the whirling fog Eastwood caught glimpses of ruined buildings, vast heaps of debris, all the wreckage of the greatest city of the twentieth century.

Then the torrents fell again like a cataract, as if the waters of the Earth were shuttlecocking between sea and heaven. With a jarring tremor of the ground a landslide went down into the Hudson.

The atmosphere was like a vapor bath, choking and sickening. The physical agony of respiration aroused Alice from a sort of stupor, and she cried out pitifully that she would die.

The strong wind drove the hot spray and steam through the shattered building till it seemed impossible that human lungs could extract life from the semi-liquid that had replaced the air, but the two lived.

After hours of this parboiling, the rain slackened, and, as the clouds parted, Eastwood caught a glimpse of a familiar form half way up the heavens. It was the sun, the old sun, looking, small and watery.

But the intense heat and brightness told that the enormous body still blazed behind the clouds. The rain seemed to have ceased definitely, and the hard, shining whiteness of the sky grew rapidly hotter.

The heat of the air increased to an oven-like degree; the mists were dissipated, the clouds licked up, and the earth seemed to dry itself almost immediately. The heat from the two suns beat down simultaneously till it became a monstrous terror, unendurable.

An odor of smoke began to permeate the air; there was a dazzling shimmer over the streets, and great clouds of mist arose from the bay, but these appeared to evaporate before they could darken the sky.

The piled wreck of the building sheltered the two refugees from the direct rays of the new sun, now almost overhead, but not from the penetrating heat of the air. But the body will endure almost anything, short of tearing asunder, for a time at least; it is the finer mechanism of the nerves that suffers most.

ALICE LAY FACE down among the bricks, gasping and moaning. The blood hammered in Eastwood's brain, and the strangest mirages flickered before his eyes.

Alternately he lapsed into heavy stupors, and awoke to the agony of the day. In his lucid moments he reflected that this could not last long, and tried to remember what degree of heat would cause death.

Within an hour after the drenching rains he was feverishly thirsty, and the skin felt as if peeling from his whole body.

This fever and horror lasted until he forgot that he had ever known another state; but at last the west reddened, and the flaming sun went down. It left the familiar planet high in the heavens, and there was no darkness until the usual hour, though there was a slight lowering of the temperature.

But when night did come it brought life-giving coolness, and though the heat was still intense it seemed temperate by comparison. More than all, the kindly darkness seemed to set a limit to the cataclysmic disorders of the day.

"Ouf! This is heavenly!" said Eastwood, drawing long breaths and feeling mind and body revived in the gloom.

"It won't last long," replied Alice, and her voice sounded extraordinarily calm through the darkness. "The heat will come again when the new sun rises in a few hours."

"We might find some better place in the meanwhile — a deep cellar — or we might get into the Subway," Eastwood suggested.

"It would be no use. Don't you understand? I have been

thinking it all out. After this, the new sun will always shine, and we could not endure it even another day. The wave of heat is passing round the world as it revolves, and in a few hours the whole Earth will be a burnt-up ball. Very likely we are the only people left alive in New York, or perhaps America."

She seemed to have taken the intellectual initiative, and spoke with an assumption of authority that amazed him.

"But there must be others," said Eastwood, after thinking for a moment. "Other people have found sheltered places, or miners, or men underground."

"They would have been drowned by the rain. At any rate, there will be none left alive by tomorrow night.

"Think of it," she went on dreamily. "For a thousand years this wave of fire has been rushing toward us, while life has been going on so happily in the world, so unconscious, that the world was doomed all the time. And now this is the end of life."

"I don't know," Eastwood said slowly. "It may be the end of human life, but there must be some forms that will survive – some micro-organisms perhaps capable of resisting high temperatures, if nothing higher. The seed of life will be left at any rate, and that is everything. Evolution will begin over again, producing new types to suit the changed conditions. I only wish I could see what creatures will be here in a few thousand years.

"But I can't realize it at all – this thing!" he cried passionately, after a pause. "Is it real? Or have we gone mad? It seems too much like a bad dream."

The rain crashed down again as he spoke, and the earth steamed, though not with the dense reek of the day. For hours the waters roared and splashed against the Earth in hot billows till the streets were foamnig yellow rivers, dammed by the wreck of fallen buildings.

There was a continual rumble as earth and rock slid into the East River, and at last the Brooklyn Bridge collapsed with a thunderous crash and splash that made all Manhattan vibrate. A gigantic billow like a tidal wave swept up the river from its fall.

The downpour slackened and ceased soon after the moon began to shed an obscured but brilliant light through the clouds.

Presently the east commenced to grow luminous, and this time there could be no doubt as to what was coming.

Alice crept closer to the man as the gray light rose upon the watery air.

"Kiss me!" she whispered suddenly, throwing her arms around his neck. He could feel her trembling. "Say you love me. Hold me in your arms. I want you to love me – now – now. There is only an hour."

"Don't be afraid. Try to face it bravely," stammered Eastwood.

"I don't fear it – not death. But I have never lived. I have never had love. I have never felt or known anything. I have always been timid and wretched and afraid – afraid to speak – and I've almost wished for suffering and misery or anything rather than to be stupid and dumb and dead, as I've always been.

"I've never dared to tell anyone what I was, what I wanted. I've been afraid all my life, but I'm not afraid now. I have never lived. I have never been happy, and now we must die together!"

It seemed to Eastwood the cry of the perishing world. He held her in his arms and kissed her wet, tremulous face that was strained to his.

In that terrible desolation his heart turned toward her, and a strange passion intoxicated him as his lips met hers, an intoxication and passion more poignant for the certainty of coming death.

THE TWILIGHT was gone before he knew it. The sky was blue already, with crimson flakes mounting to the zenith, and the heat was growing once more intense

"This is the end, Alice," said Eastwood, and his voice trembled.

She looked at him, her eyes shining with an unearthly softness and brilliancy, and turned her face to the east.

There, in crimson and orange, flamed the last dawn that human eyes would ever see.

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MONSTER

7 FEET TALL / IN AUTHENTIC COLORS.

GLOW in the DARK EYES

ONLY $1.00

Imagine your friends shock when they see the "MONSTER" reaching out —sinister as the wildest nightmare. Bigger than life—Frankenstein—the man-made monster that terrorized the world. 7 feet tall, with eyes that glow eerily in the dark for a special thrilling chill. So lifelike in authentic colors, that you'll probably find yourself talking to him. Won't you be surprised if he answers!

There is also his perfect companion—**BONEY the SKELETON**—stark and scary—just a wonderful pair to set your hair on end.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Just send $1.00 plus 35c to cover postage and handling for each monster you want. ORDER TWO AND SAVE. (The same 35c for postage and handling applies to orders for TWO MONSTERS—a total of 2 for $2.35.) Your money back if not satisfactorily horrified.

HONOR HOUSE DEPT. 472MR28 LYNBROOK, N. Y. 11563

8 MM MOTION PICTURE PROJECTOR

COLOR OR BLACK & WHITE

ONLY $7.98 Complete

FREE

NEW THRILLING SENSATION!

ADDS 3-D STEREO EFFECT

Makes People Look So Full and Real, You'll Feel You Can Reach Out and Touch Them

Just put on the "Miracle Specs" and you achieve a thrilling new experience. You see — not the old flat pictures you've seen for years — but life-like round images so real you "know" you could reach out to touch and feel them. One pair comes with each projector. Additional pairs are $2.98 each.

FEATURES

- Sturdy construction for long life
- Speed control for fast or slow motion
- Projects color or black and white
- Complete with screen
- Guaranteed

No Need To Miss Out On the Fun of Private Movies Now at this Low Price

Here is a projector which, though precision-engineered and sturdily built for long use, is so reasonably-priced that everyone can now enjoy the thrills of showing home movies or standard 8 mm commercial movies. And it's so easy to operate that even a child can learn to use it quickly. Its double lens system and smooth operation give amazing performance. And — because it so compact, you can take it with you anywhere and show your home movies to friends or relatives. It comes in its own carrying case Closes completely for easy portability. No need to unwind electric cord and hunt for an outlet either —because it has no cord. The batteries (available anywhere) stored in the base do all the work — and they're ready at the flip of a switch. This quick-focusing automatic Projector shows 8mm color or black-and-white film. If you wish to stop it at a particular frame, you can do so. Speed control lets you speed up film or slow down the action for enjoyment of every detail. (Batteries not included).

Try It For 10 Days On Our Money-Back Guarantee! So sure are we that you will be delighted with this versatile Projector, that we invite you to try it for 10 days and then, if you don't agree that it a wonderful buy, return it to us and we'll refund the purchase price — with no questions asked. **Don't Delay — Send Your Order Now!**

10 DAY TRIAL FREE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS Dept. 472NH28
Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563

Rush me the 8mm Portable Projector together with one set of Stereo Specs. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return it after 10 days trial for refund of purchase price.

☐ I enclose $7.98 (please add 75c shipping charges).

☐ Send COD. I enclose $1 deposit and will pay the postman balance plus postage and COD handling charges on delivery.

NAME

ADDRESS ZIP

☐ Send me Stereo Specs @ $2.98 each

N.Y. State Residents Please Add Sales Tax

COLT "45"

22 CAL. PELLET FIRING Only **$1.00**

"STINGER AUTOMATIC"

50-22 Cal. Pellets Free.

Looks and feels like a real Colt "45" automatic fully 6 inches long — 4 inches high. Fires 22 cal. pellets as fast as you can pull the trigger. Great for fast action, combat type target practice. **FREE** supply of targets and 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets. Money back if not satisfied. Just send $1.00 plus 35c for postage and handling. Not sold in NY City.

HONOR HOUSE Dept 472AT28 Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563

NY State residents add state and local sales tax

IMPORTED LOCK BLADE STILETTO

9" Overall Length
5" When Closed

- Opens instantly
- Sharp and Tough
- Stainless Steel Blade

ONLY **$2.75**

Flips open instantly and locks automatically to prevent accidental closing. Razor sharp tough stainless steel blade for reliable use and hard long service. Money back in 5 days if not satisfied. Send $2.75 plus 25c to cover postage and handling.

ALLEY SPORTS MO Div.

Dept. 472ST28

35 Wilbur Street, Lynbrook, N. Y. 11563

NY State residents add state and local sales tax

SAFEGUARD YOUR VALUABLES

SECRET POCKET MONOGRAMMED MONEY BELT

Only **$3.98**

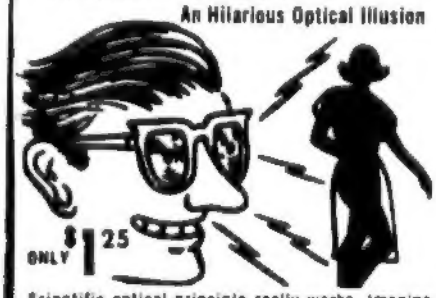
This handsome top grain cowhide belt has a large zippered secret compartment. Comes complete with a fine rugged buckle monogrammed with your initials. Available in black or brown. Sizes 28 to 46. Only $3.98 plus 50c shipping charges. Please specify size, color and initials.

Honor House Dept. 472MC28 Lynbrook, N. Y.

NY State residents add state and local sales tax

X-RAY SPECS

An Hilarious Optical Illusion



ONLY $1.25

Scientific optical principle really works. Imagine — you put on the "X-Ray" Specs and hold your hand in front of you. You seem to be able to look right through the flesh and see the bones underneath. Look at your friend. Is that really his body you "see" under his clothes? Loads of laughs and fun at parties. only $1.25 plus 25c shipping charges Money Back Guarantee

HONOR HOUSE DEPT472XC28-LYNBROOK, N.Y. 11563

NY State residents add state and local sales tax

FEAR NO MAN

Only **$1.25**

KUNG FU KARATE

JIU JITSU BOXING, SAVATE, JUDO Muscle Building, Stunts, etc

20 COURSE HOME STUDY PROGRAM

Here is what you get!

The Ancient Oriental Art of KUNG FU

- 20 best KARATE Blows and Chops
- SAVATE French foot fighting
- Nerve center anatomy chart
- JUDO throws, Jiu Jitsu holds
- Isometric muscle building course
- Endurance Exercises and lots more

FREE Kung Fu Practice and Nerve Center Chart

GUARANTEED 10 Day Trial

Money Back if you are not amazed at your new mighty power. ACT NOW $1.25 plus 35c shipping charge

Honor House Prod. Corp. Dept. 472KF28
Lynbrook, New York 11563

NY State residents add state and local sales tax

"POWER AUTOMATIC"

Pellet Firing Target Pistol

and SILENCER

FREE 50 Reusable 22 Cal. Pellets only $1.25

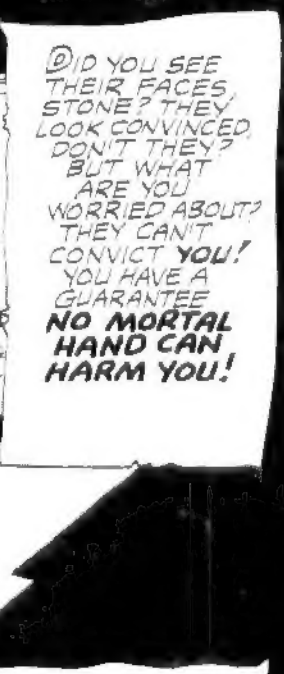
Rapid firing 22 cal. fully 9 inches long with the look and feel of an "undercover" automatic. Snap the "silencer" on or remove it for fast combat-type target practice. FREE 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets and supply of targets. Money back guarantee if not satisfied. Just send $1.25 plus 35c for postage and handling.

HONOR HOUSE PROD. Dept. 472PA28. Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563

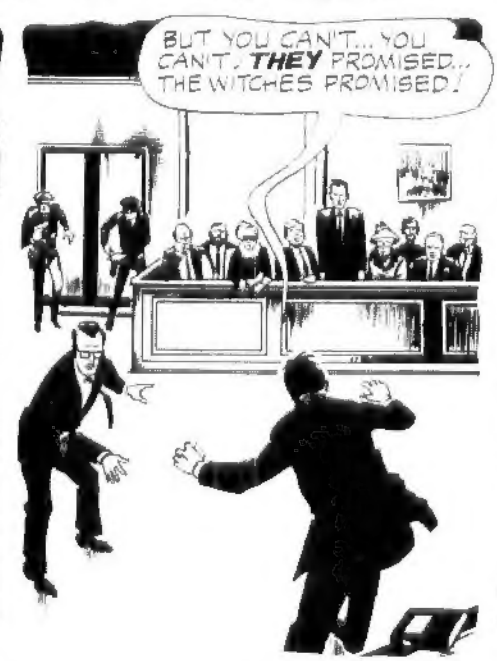
Not sold in NYC

THINGS LOOK BAD, MR. STONE! HE'S GOT QUITE A CASE BUILT UP AGAINST YOU!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT... I'M NOT!

...AND THAT'S WHY, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, YOU HAVE BUT ONE VERDICT... GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE!


DID YOU SEE THEIR FACES, STONE? THEY LOOK CONVINCED, DON'T THEY? BUT WHAT ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT? THEY CAN'T CONVICT YOU! YOU HAVE A GUARANTEE NO MORTAL HAND CAN HARM YOU!

HAVE YOU REACHED A VERDICT?
WE HAVE, YOUR HONOR! GUILTY AS CHARGED!


BUT YOU CAN'T... YOU CAN'T. THEY PROMISED... THE WITCHES PROMISED!

THEY SAID THAT AS LONG AS I-- NO... NO... NO!

HEE-- HEE-- HE---

BUBBLE, BUBBLE--TOIL AND TROUBLE... HEH! HEH! THEY SAID NO MORTAL HAND COULD HARM HIM... BUT THESE WERE NOT MORTALS... NOW POOR FRED HAS NAUGHT TO FEAR... BUT MORTAL FEAR ITSELF! HEH! HEH!
THE END!